

THE RURAL



REPOSITORY.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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NO. 5.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

The Surprise.

IT was on a bright and balmy afternoon in September when one of the elegant packets which ply between New-York and New Orleans might have been seen making her way with a fine working breeze out of the harbor of New-York, with every sail set that would draw and bounding from wave to wave more like a living habitant of the great deep, than a thing of man's creation. Upon the elevated part of the after deck which covered the cabin a number of male and female passengers were gathered, attracted thither by the novelty of the scene, the loveliness of the weather, and a desire to see the last of the tall spires and eminences of their native city which were now fast fading in the increasing distance. Among these persons there was one whose face and air were calculated to attract and rivet the attention of any person gazing upon the group by which she was surrounded. She was young, apparently on the sunny side of eighteen, and her features were of that transparent whiteness which we are apt to consider indicates a pure and spiritual being, one whose moral nature is as spotless as the snowy veil by which it is concealed. Her story was a brief and sad one. These words contain it. She had loved, and the object of her love was unworthy. George Percy and Mary Allen had been schoolmates in their childhood, and at a very early age, their intimacy commenced. Their parents, who were neighbors, saw with pleasure the growing reciprocity of esteem between their children, and encouraged it by every proper means in their power. It needed however no foreign influence to enhance the love with which they regarded each other. Percy was two years the senior of Mary, endowed with splendid talents, and possessing all those advantages of person which are never overlooked by a female eye. He possessed too those bold and romantic qualities which ever fascinate a woman's mind. Mary on her part was a perfect rosebud of beauty, and what is

rare for a beauty, seemed unconscious of her own surpassing charms. The consequence was that at the early age of fifteen Mary's hand was plighted to her lover who was now at college, preparing to enter upon a professional career. Life seemed to expand before the young maiden like an Eden of delight, and there was no cloud to chequer the sky of her happiness.

Alas, how transitory, how uncertain are the brightest prospects of earth. Percy had been but a year in college when he became associated with dissipated companions, and by his extravagance, justly incensed his father, who at length threatened him that if he did not cease his wild career and useless expenditures, he would no longer furnish him with his yearly allowance. But threats and entreaties were alike vain, until Mary wrote him that her parents would oblige her to dissolve her connection with him, unless he should reform his ruinous habits. This for a short time had its effect, for his love for Mary had become the absorbing passion of his nature, but evil influences again surrounded him, and like the charmed bird, he yielded himself voluntarily to the devouring snare. At last he was drawn into a course of conduct which obliged him to leave College, and as he did not return to his home, no one knew what had become of the once promising and beloved George Percy.

Alas! for poor Mary? Her attachment to George had entwined itself around every fibre of her heart, and much as she felt it her duty to forget him, she could not banish his image from her mind. 'How cruel in him not even to write me' she thought, and yet she would sit for hours at a window of the drawing-room, watching every person that passed, and her heart beating at every approaching step with the hope that it might be him who was dearer to her than all else on earth beside. But years passed, and still he came not, and her health began at length to decline beneath the anxiety of her spirit. Her parents deemed it advisable to recommend change of scene and a southern climate, and it was in pursuance of this recommendation that our heroine with

her father embarked in the packet for New Orleans.

Nothing occurred to our travelers more than ordinary in a voyage along the American coast until they came in sight of the island of Cuba. On a beautiful morning the attention of all on board was attracted by a fast sailing schooner which was laying its course in a direction that would bring it across the course of the packet. On she came, her tapering masts bending beneath their weight of canvas, her sails bellying with the wind, and as she bent to the waters edge, her coppered bottom came full in view, reflecting back the rays of the sun as if from a surface of gold. But the pleasure of the spectators did not long continue, for as the schooner neared them a hoarse voice bawled through a speaking trumpet, 'Lie to, or I'll sink you,' and the next moment, a cannon was fired, and a ball came whizzing under the foot of the foresail. All was now consternation and dismay, for there remained no doubt that the schooner was a Pirate. The ladies shrieked and fled to the cabin, as a band of fierce looking miscreants sprang upon the packet's decks, some of the passengers seized arms to defend themselves and among the foremost was Mr. Allen, the father of our heroine. 'If he does not lay down his arms, shoot him, my men,' sung out one who appeared to be their leader. Mary heard the order, and rushed from the cabin, to save, or die with her father. She threw herself on her knees at the feet of the pirate Captain, and as she raised her beautiful eyes imploringly to him, why does the sword drop from his hand, and his resolute lips quiver like the leaves of an aspen? And why does Mary give that sudden shriek, and then fall lifeless on the deck? That Pirate Captain was her lover, was George Percy.

In two hours afterwards the packet was once more on her way, and the pirate schooner hull down in the horizon. Reader if you will look in a state room of the cabin you will see a young man on his knees to one on whose cheeks the returning hues of life are just becoming visible. Mortification, grief and love are all blended in his features. He

is praying for forgiveness with an earnestness which almost calls a smile on the face of a middle aged man who is witnessing the scene. Will he succeed in his petition? I know not, but a little hand, white as any snow drop, has fallen involuntarily into his own, and a face, which the clouds have all forsaken, is beaming upon him like a summer heaven after a transient shower.

Two years afterwards George Percy, again a most promising and reformed young man, led Mary Allen to the altar, nor has she since had reason to repent her course. A. A. J.

Pittsfield, Mass.

From the London Court Journal.

Lost and Won.

OR, THE THIRD SEASON.

'Yes, he shall propose this season, and then I shall have the gratification, the delight, the exquisite triumph of refusing him! It will only serve him right!'

Such was the language of Florence Neville's eyes, as she contemplated, with no little satisfaction, the graceful reflection of her figure in the glass, before which she was attiring for the first ball of the season.

Of whom was she speaking? Of whom thinking? Why did that short rosy lip curl with such beautiful scorn, as the last look was given at the snowy dress which hung in its lace folds, like summer clouds, round the fairy form of its mistress?—Florence was at that moment picturing to herself the subjugation of one high heart which had obstinately refused doing homage at her shrine; of one being in the wide world who had denied her power, calmly gazed at her undoubtedly lovely countenance, and tranquilly disapproved her 'style.' It was insufferable; so Florence determined that her third season should be marked by the conquest of the haughty, high, and handsome Earl of St. Clyde; not that she cared for him—oh, no! she was only determined to make him propose; indeed, there was a sort of playful wager between her cousin Emma Neville and herself on the subject, and Florence felt her credit at stake if she failed.

'Have you thought of our wager, Florence?' said Emma Neville, as they descended to the drawing room together.

'To be sure! You think I shall lose it. I can read your thoughts.'

'If he is the St. Clyde of the last season, you certainly will,' laughed Emma. 'That man is invulnerable, Florence.'

'*Nous verrons, nous verrons!*' said the beauty and taking her father's arm, she sprang lightly into the carriage.

It was a brilliant ball! the rich and the noble, the young and the beautiful—all were there; and in the center of an admiring circle dazzlingly conspicuous stood Florence.

She was preparing to waltz with a tall, dark, unbending looking personage, who was apparently quite indifferent as to whether he supported her light figure or that of any one else; this was Lord St. Clyde. Florence, on the contrary was all sparkling gaiety; she was dancing with him for the third time; another moment, and they were flying round the circle with rapid grace.

Things went on exceedingly well.—Florence knew her ground and the game she was playing, and as she passed Emma the cousins exchanged glances. That of Florence said, 'he is won!' that of Emma, 'not yet!'

'I'm afraid you are fatigued,' said Lord St. Clyde, as he led his partner to a seat.

'Oh no, not much,' replied Florence; 'but the rooms are very warm. It is impossible to dance, and still more to breathe—particularly here.'

She was in the corner of the room—the most crowded, and removed from either door or window.

'The conservatories are cool,' said the Earl, but he did not offer to lead her there. Florence was perfectly aware that the conservatories were cool, but she knew also that they had another advantage—they were perfect groves of the choicest flowers and orange trees;—consequently no spot was ever better suited for a flirtation—perhaps for a proposal. With experienced policy, however, she only leant gracefully back and gently fanned herself. Lord St. Clyde stood by her side. He was any thing but a ball room man; for though his figure was faultless, and his dancing just enough to show it off, he had none of that charming fluency of conversation which a dancing partner should have;—he could not pay a compliment if he did not feel it—he would not if he thought it was expected; therefore, had he been Mr. St. Clyde, Jr. he would have been a great bore in society; as it was, he was a most delightful young man—so much proper reserve.'

The galloppe in Gustave roused the Earl from a reverie.

'Are you too much fatigued to join in the galloppe, Miss Neville?'

'Oh yes! I never galloppe—it fatigues me so! Is it possible you like that romp, Lord St. Clyde?'

The Earl still persisted, but Florence would not dance; he persuaded, but she would not listen; he condescended to repeat the request, almost allowed a compliment to escape him; no, Florence was firm, the Earl said no more, but drew himself up. Suddenly Florence rose with her brightest smile.

'I am too selfish, my lord! that galloppe is so inspiring that I cannot resist it.'

A change came over the spirit of Saint Clyde he was another creature; and Florence was herself again all triumphant. The next

moment the dancers were thrown into confusion, there was a rush towards the windows, and Lord St. Clyde was seen darting through the crowd towards the conservatories, with a fainting figure in his arms—it was Florence Neville!

The cousin bent affectionately over the insensible girl, and the Earl knelt by her with a glass of water. 'It was my fault!' exclaimed St. Clyde, in an agitated voice; 'I made her dance—good God! how lovely she looks! she does not revive what shall we do?'

'Has no one salts?' cried Emma; 'call my uncle, I think we had better go home—who has any salts?' The Earl was already gone for them. With a stifled laugh Florence opened her wide beautiful eyes, and started up.

'Was it not well done?'

'Good heaven, Florence!'

'Well, my dear, did you never hear of any one fainting before? You will lose the wager, *cuzina mia*!'

'My dear Florence, how you frightened me!'

'Never mind—hush, here they come; now take papa to the ball room for my boa, and leave the rest to me.'

Emma did as she was desired, and forbore to ask any question until they got home: then she anxiously inquired, 'did he propose?'

'No! provoking man! but very nearly. Did I not faint well?'

'Yes it will not do, Florence; that man does not care for you.'

'Never mind that, he shall propose.'

'But you do not care for him!'

'*Qu'importe!* he shall propose.'

'Never.'

'I will make him! Remember this is only the first ball of the season!'

Lady Mounteagle gave a *fête* at her villa at Putneys. Mr. and Mrs. Neville were there of course. Florence had an exquisite bouquet, but she saw Lord St. Clyde advancing towards her; therefore, she prudently dropped it into the centre of a large myrtle-bush.

'You have no bouquet, Miss Neville,' was one of his lordship's first remarks; 'are you not fond of flowers?'

'Yes, passionately,' said Florence, 'but I have lost mine; I am so sorry, for I fear I shall not easily find another so beautiful.'

'Will you allow me to endeavor to supply its place with this?' was the instant reply. Florence smiled and blushed as she took it; the smile was art, but the blush nature—for she could not help it. Lord St. Clyde's eyes were fixed on her, and the next moment she found herself walking with him, whilst Mr. Neville was speaking to the hostess, whose gaunt daughter was looking very spiteful. Florence played her part to admiration. Lord St. Clyde was in her power, for she had engaged him in an animated flirtation. They were

standing on the brink of a beautiful fountain, when the Earl exclaimed, 'do you know the language of flowers, Miss Neville ?'

'No,' said Florence, 'but it must be very pretty; do you know it, my lord?'

'Yes, by heart.'

'Then tell me what these mean?' exclaimed the beauty quite innocently, as she offered him his bouquet, which was composed of a white rose, a pink rosebud, some myrtle, and one geranium.—The Earl hesitated, and laughed; then, suddenly recovering himself, he said, 'they speak in their simple language the sentiment that I dare not express.'

Florence felt her heart beating, but she only laughed—that laugh encouraged the Earl—'Florence, forgive me if—'

'Ah, Miss Neville, I have been looking for you every where, and here you are, all alone!' cried one of Florence's gay train, the elegant Sir Percy Hope.

'Ah, no, not alone,' said Florence, rather annoyed; 'Lord St. Clyde—why where is—'

The Earl was gone.

'Florence, did Lord St. Clyde propose to-day?' said Emma to her cousin in the evening.

'Not quite, but as nearly as possible; I declare I will never speak to sir Percy Hope again.'

Time! time! can nothing stay thee?

The season was passing rapidly, and Florence had four proposals: of course she had refused them, although they had not been tendered by the Earl of St. Clyde. Still she continued her gay and giddy round—still she said, 'he shall propose,' until the last opera of the season.

Pale, languid, but still delicately beautiful, the spoiled and petted Florence leant back in her box, deaf to the strains of the syren Grisi—regardless of the adulation around her, and disgusted with every thing in the shape of gayety. She leant back in her chair and closed her eyes for a second; on opening them, she saw a pair of dark eyes fixed with more than common earnestness on her face.—It was Lord St. Clyde—those mild eyes could only belong to him. What possessed Florence at that moment? She did not bow—she did not smile—she merely bent forward and whispered the word of departure to her chaperon; then winding her cashmere round her, placed her arm within that of Sir Percy Hope, and left the box.

The next morning Florence was really unwell. She said 'not at home' to every one, and began to tune her harp.—String after string gave way as she drew them up. 'Like me, poor harp,' she sighed, 'you are sinking, spoiling from neglect!'

Suddenly the door opened, and a visitor was announced.

'Not at home,' cried Florence hastily.

'Pardon me, for once I disobey,' said a voice, and Lord St. Clyde entered. He continued; 'I have intruded, I confess, but it is only for a moment. I come Miss Neville, to wish you—to bid you—a long and perhaps a last farewell!'

'Farewell!' said Florence, dropping her harp key; 'this resolution has been suddenly taken, has it not?'

'No,' replied the Earl, 'I am going to seek in Italy the happiness which is denied me here.'

'Italy!' exclaimed Florence, turning her eyes like melting sapphires on the Earl—dear bright, sunny Italy! my own fair land!'

'Is it yours, Miss Neville?' said St. Clyde eagerly.

'Yes, my lord; Florence was my birthplace and my home for fourteen happy years.'

Lord St. Clyde, paused—nothing is so awkward as a pause in a *tete a tete*; he felt this, and quickly rousing himself, he said hastily;

'I will not interrupt you any longer. Farewell!—we may meet again.'

'Perhaps we may—good bye,' said Florence, extending her hand; it was slightly, very slightly, pressed, and she was alone. For a moment and she felt as if the past were a dream; but glancing on the ground, she saw a white glove—it was the Earl's; she turned away, and leaning on the marble slab of a beautiful mirror; she gazed at the faultless reflection of her face.

'Beauty, beauty!'—murmured she—'paltry gift! since it could not win St. Clyde!' And burying that young face in her hands, she fairly burst into a passion of tears.

'Florence! my own, my idolized!'—said a voice close to her. She turned, and uttered a real, genuine, unartificial shriek,

The Earl of St. Clyde was at her feet.

* * * * *

'Well Florence,' said Emma Neville to the Countess of St. Clyde one day, 'you must really give me a lesson on proposals—how well you managed your husband's—teach me your art.'

'No, no, you are quite mistaken,'—laughed Florence; no one could be more surprised at St. Clyde's proposal than myself, for I had given him up. Art failed, my dear Emma, and nature gained the day in this case. Take care how you make nets, they never answer.—Men are shockingly sharp-sighted now!'

LOVE IN THE OLDE TIME.

THE Lady Evelyn Seton, of Seton Manor, was young, beautiful, rich, and an orphan. Too young to join in the gay revels of a court, she was still immured within her ancient halls under the watchful eye of her aunt, the Lady Alice, and though retired from the society of the age in which they lived, many were the suitors aspiring to the hand of the

fair Evelyn. One alone appeared slightly favored—he was the young Sir Hugh de Gasconville, the most finished courtier and accomplished knight under the banners of Richard Cœur de Lion; but Lady Evelyn was fickle—she inherited all the pride of the Setons, and took more delight in gazing at the grim array of her warrior ancestors in the gallery of family portraits, than in listening to the courtly phrases and laughing tones of Sir Hugh.

'I would I could win thy love, fair Lady Evelyn,' said the knight one day, as they paced the gallery together—(Lady Alice acting propriety in the distance)—'three years have I wooed thee, yet still thou art unrelenting;—bid me serve thee, bid me perform a task, anything to win thee.'

'Nay,' replied Evelyn, 'I impose no tasks—I doubt thee not; and yet—'twere well to try thee, methinks—look round thee, Sir Hugh; look at my soldier ancestors, all of whom were great in arms and famed for deeds of prowess—think'st thou that the last of the Setons would wed with a—a—a striping-knight, whose sword has never left its scabbard—whose brow has never faced a battle—whose arm, perchance, might fail before—'

'Stop, lady,' said Sir Hugh indignantly, 'I hear—I understand thee—thou shalt see that Hugh de Gasconville owns no craven heart—I thought not, with these high feelings of thine own, thou wouldst have kept me so long tamely captive in thy train!'

'Silence, Sir Hugh,' exclaimed Evelyn, in her turned roused, 'thou art forgetting thyself we would be alone.'

She waved her hand—the knight bowed low and springing on his horse, dashed furiously past the windows and was out of sight.

The flower of the French nobility were enjoying the gayest tournament that 'la belle France' had ever witnessed, when an unknown knight entered the lists and challenged the victor of the day to single combat. He was tall, slightly made, well armed and well mounted, and a murmur of astonishment went round as he bent his plumed head before the royal canopy; but the murmur rose to a prolonged shout of approbation when the lance of the stranger rang on the breast of his opponent and hurled him to the ground.

After assisting the fallen knight to rise, the stranger advanced slowly and gracefully toward the platform from whence the prize was presented, and receiving on the point of his lance the chaplet and scarf, with a low obeisance he turned, and was gone before the vanquished had time to recover his seat or his senses. Who could the stranger knight be, save Sir Hugh de Gasconville?

When the drawbridge of Seton Manor was lowered for Sir Hugh, and the stately turrets burst on his sight, a thrill of fearful expecta-

tion curled through his veins. The pink and silver scarf of France floated on his shoulder, and the chaplet of pale roses, now withered, hung on his arms as he reined in his charger at the gate, and dismounting, paced through the vestibule, which opened into the withdrawing rooms. He heard Eveleyn's voice, and the knight paused. Three weeks had passed since he had left those rooms in anger, and, remembering his parting scene, he dreaded the reception he might meet. Suddenly he entered, and on his bended knee, laid the trophies at Lady Eveleyn's feet.

'So, Sir Hugh!' exclaimed the beauty, with the faintest blush in the world, thou art returned—whither hast thou been? The Lady Alice thought that thou hadst forgotten the road to Seton Manor.'

'And thou, Eveleyn!' said the knight, 'didst thou think of me?'

'In truth, I seldom think, since thinking spoils the countenance; but whither hast thou been, and what are these—the chaplet and the scarf?'

'Ladye love, I have journeyed to France, and these are the trophies won by my poor arm at its latest tournament.'

'Wherefore hast thou laid them at my feet, Sir Hugh?'

'To win a boon,' whispered De Gasconville.

'What wouldest thou?' said the lady, coloring deeply; 'what is the boon?'

'Eveleyn! hast thou so soon forgotten?'

'Are the ladies of France fair, Sir Hugh?'

'I saw them not, seeing only thee before mine eyes, lady.'

'Thou hast learned courtesy,' smiled Eveleyn; 'but tell me—didst thou break a lance or lose a charger—or—or—gain a wound in this same tournament?'

'Nay, Lady; but I unhorseted a bold crusader.'

Lady Eveleyn curled her lip. 'Methinks, Sir Hugh, that were mere sport, since not a drop of thy brave blood was spilt.'

Sir Hugh started. The lady continued: 'Methinks, likewise, that a faded chaplet and worn scarf were unsightly gifts for thy ladye love! No, no, sir knight; when Eveleyn Seton weds, it must be with one worthy of her hand; when Seton Manor owns a master it must be one who will not disgrace its ancient halls!'

Eveleyn exclaimed the knight, grasping his sword, 'I know thee not in this strange mood—it is enough—when I am gone, think on thy words—no longer shall Hugh De Gasconville disgrace thine ancient halls! I have loved thee, Eveleyn, but for thyself alone! I have wooed thee, but not for thy gold.'

'Nay, Hugh—dear Hugh—thou art too serious—I but meant—'

'It matters not now, lady—thy words are traced in fire on my heart; not because *thy* loved lips pronounced them, but because others heard thee scorn me; the day may come when I may be worthy of thee—till then, Eveleyn, farewell!'

'Nay—stop, one word!' cried Eveleyn; but she was too late; ere the tears could burst from her eyes. Sir Hugh de Gasconville and his good charger were skirting the distant hills—ere another moment could fly, he was lost to her sight, and sinking on her seat, the Lady Eveleyn Seton exclaimed, in the bitterness of repentance. 'He is gone, and I have lost the truest heart that ever Knight proffered to ladye love!'

The Christian array, under Cœur de Lion, set out for the Holy Land; and, among their glittering numbers, appeared Sir Hugh de Gasconville. It were vain to repeat the trials and hardships they endured; it is enough, that after years of toil, the few who escaped with their lives returned to their native land, and of them was reckoned Sir Hugh, but he was changed. The tall, proud youth was covered with wounds, worn, subdued, ill and melancholy, yet his first thought was of Eveleyn Seton. He faltered in asking after her whom he loved, but a wild sensation of mingled pleasure and pain awoke in his breast on finding that she was still alive, well and Eveleyn Seton!

His determination was taken—he would see her once more—and just as the summer's sun set behind the Yorkshire Hills, Sir Hugh de Gasconville rang the bell of Seton Manor.

He found Eveleyn surrounded by her attendants.

'Thou art a soldier and a crusader,' said she bending, and thou art welcome to our castle; but who art thou?'

'Lady,' began Sir Hugh.

'Ah!' shrieked Eveleyn, 'I know thee! Hugh dear Hugh, welcome, welcome home!'

'It is I indeed, lady, but sadly, sorely changed—I cannot kneel to the now—I may not offer thee the strength of this arm, for it is helpless—I cannot stand before thee without the stay of my good lance, yet would I see the once again. May I speak with thee alone?'

'Eveleyn,' said the knight, as he lifted his plumed helmet off 'thou seest me!'

'I bear thee, Hugh it is enough!'

'Nay raise thine eyes—thou seest but the wreck of Hugh De Gasconville—and conscious that, though this hand has been soaked in the blood of the enemy, and though lances have been broken and sabres bent on this body, I am still unworthy of thee. I come faint, wounded and disabled, to bid thee a last farewell!'

Then thou lovest me no longer, Hugh! cried Eveleyn.

'Better than life,' replied the knight, 'yet thinkest thou I am one to win woman's love?'

'Yes!' exclaimed Eveleyn, throwing her arm round the lance on which he leaned, 'say no more. I am still thine in heart. Though thou art wounded, 'twas in a noble cause. Thou hast fought long and bravely! Though disabled thou art not dishonored! In future, this arm shall be thy stay; and if thou wilt, Hugh, mine own Hugh, this hand shall be thy well-won prize!'

'Won—won!' murmured the now exhausted Sir Hugh, 'and lost—lost, as soon as won?'—*New-York Albion.*

BIOGRAPHY.

From the New-York Times.

James Madison.

JAMES MADISON is no more. He expired at his seat in Virginia, on the 28th of June, 1836, at the advanced age of eighty six years.

To do justice to the merits of such a man, requires no common pen. It is not within the scope of newspaper eulogy to describe his character, his virtues, and his public services. They belong to the history of the United States, and it will be remembered while that record lasts. It is with a feeling of awe that we approach so sacred a subject; and we dare not trust ourselves when venturing to describe the character of so illustrious a man. From the earliest period of his civil career, in the year 1775, to the day when his second presidential term was over, he is strongly identified with the history of the country; that history cannot be written without writing his eulogy.

He was born in Virginia, on the 17th of March, 1750; was a member of the legislature in 1775: one of the council of Virginia, in 1778; member of the congress of the revolution, and of the convention which formed the constitution of the United States; elected a member of the first congress, in which body he remained many years; was appointed secretary of state under Mr. Jefferson, on the 5th of March, 1801; inaugurated as President of the United States on the 4th of March, 1809, and again on the 4th of March, 1813.

The monument of Mr. Madison's talents, left in his defence of the constitution of the U. States, in the admirable 'Federalist,' would be sufficient, if he had no other claims, to give him an undying reputation. But these papers, admirable as they are, are but a brief portion of his political wisdom to which our countrymen may always refer with safety for instruction.

Mr. Madison bore a conspicuous part in that struggle which resulted in establishing our independence. His services were those of a statesman. In the second grand struggle

to secure the independence once fought for so successfully, he bore a conspicuous part as the acknowledged leader of the war party. During that boisterous period, he was the pilot who weathered the storm. The ship of state was under his guidance, and nobly and skillfully did he control and direct her. It was owing to his unshaking firmness, equanimity of temper, calmness of judgment, and commanding talents, that we were, in a great degree, indebted for the successful issue of that war, and the honorable peace which followed. The voice of detraction which was loudest at that period, has long since been silenced. Even party asperities were softened by his dignified and patriotic course during that period, and contributed by his firmness, purity, and enlightened patriotism, to the glorious issue of that struggle.

The last public acts of Mr. Madison, were as a member and as presiding officer of the convention which formed the present constitution of Virginia. The cherished son of that state, he would not refuse her his services, even at a time when years and infirmities demanded a respite from public care, and the calm retirement and solitude he had so long sought.

For sixteen years (with a brief exception) this patriarch had lived in retirement, aloof from party dissensions and party prejudices. During his whole political career, he was bitterly assailed and warmly defended. No man, with the exception of Mr. Jefferson, has encountered more political and personal abuse, and none ever achieved a greater triumph over his enemies. To the last hour of his public life, he was hunted by opposing factions and it was not until he had retired to the shades of his own cherished retirement, that political adversaries *began* to do him justice. The influence of his opinions and example became, at length, so universally acknowledged, that, either through policy or conviction, all professed to be his admirers. Though dead to the political world, so far as regarded its struggles for ascendancy, his name and fame were canonized in the hearts of his countrymen, who vied with each other in doing homage to his talents and his virtues. He retired from political life with dignity, as he had sustained himself in it with fidelity, patriotism, and an ability that encountered no superior.—The latter years of his life were characterized by that purity and simplicity which ever formed a part of his character, by adorning a circle of immediate friends, who knew and loved him well, and by a practice of all the virtues which ennoble man.

The event—although it seems to have visited us suddenly—was not unexpected. Recent accounts have represented the health of this venerable man, as in a very precarious state, and there can be no astonishment that

the long flickering lamp has at length gone out. It was indeed hoped that he might yet be spared for many years. But this hope was the offspring of wishes too ardent to be realized. However deeply the blow may be felt, it came not upon us without our being, in some measure, prepared to receive it.

It is not for us at this time, to refer particularly to the political opinions of Mr. Madison. That they proved to be in the main the political opinions of the people, and identified with the policy of the country, there cannot at this day be a doubt. A more fitting opportunity for referring to them may soon occur. The sorrows of an united people are poured forth at his grave, and it is not now the time to trouble the long calmed waters of political bitterness.—He triumphed from first to last, by the force of pure patriotism, incorruptible integrity, and talents that placed him foremost among the first of a band of statesmen and patriots whose equals we shall perhaps never see again.

MISCELLANY.

From the Trenton Emporium.

The World.

A VISION.

ISLAM sat in the door of his cottage; and an unusual weight of despondency preyed upon his mind. His circumstances, to besure, were not so bad—he was about as prosperous as his neighbors; but then, he thought, could he escape the endless round of care and vexation, to which a life of business exposed him, could he have time for reposed meditation; in short, could he be independent of a thankless and selfish world how happy he would be. He mused upon this thought until the mysterious agent who presides over the temporal affairs of men stood by his side. I have seen, said the strange visitor, the current of your thoughts, and that you long for wealth. Tell me by to-morrow what amount you desire, and it shall be yours.

The speaker vanished, and a thrill of delight ran through the veins of Islam. But he immediately bethought himself of the answer he should return his new acquaintance, when he re-appeared. At no difficulty was apparent; but as soon as he had taken up his pencil to make the calculations necessary, he found that that question was not to be answered so readily as he imagined. At first he set down two thousand dollars as the sum of his wishes—It will buy, said he, this little place, enable me to stock my shop—repair my fences, and buy me a good yoke of oxen—I shall then be independent. He mused on this awhile. Still, on the other hand, he thought, I should have to labor—sickness might reduce my business to disorder, and bring poverty. I will have

ten thousand dollars besides, that my interest may be amply sufficient for my support.

This sum was hardly fixed on, however, ere Islam foresaw that it would be wholly insufficient. It will pinch on all sides still said he; I could not keep a carriage—nor travel into foreign countries, as I have often thought I should like to do—besides I should be confined to live in a mean way—it would allow me to be contented and lead an easy life, to be sure, if I was satisfied, like the brute with, mere ease, and enough to eat. I will add, let me see—yes, twice as much for a handsome country seat alone—and ten times the amount in bank stock.—This will be a capital fortune—it will enable me to gratify all my desires.

Just then a new idea dropt into Islam's head—then even then I should find many richer men in the country than myself. He pondered on this awhile—it roused up all the jealousy of his soul—he did not care about outshining them all in the splendor of his establishment and mode of living—but he felt that the *ability to do so* would be absolutely necessary to his happiness—and he was at once launched into a wide ocean of calculations, which carried him finally to ten millions.—With this he was, perfectly sure of being satisfied—but a new idea struck him again: he had thought of traveling abroad—he would meet with men of mammoth fortunes in Europe—he considered a moment, and added a cypher to the ten millions. This, said he, would put me above the fear of meeting a rival in point of wealth.

But he soon found that he was no nearer being satisfied now, than he was with the first sum he named to himself. It appeared absolutely necessary that he should not only be richer than any other man in the world, but that he should be able to fill the world with the sound of his deeds of charity—that he should be able to establish millions of free schools and hospitals, and churches, and so forth, besides laying by some ten, fifteen or twenty millions per year. In the midst of these profound meditations, however, on the subject of fixing the proper sum of wealth which he should desire of his supernatural visitor, the minister of fate suddenly re-appeared.

Islam declared that he had not yet been able to fix the precise sum, and begged his kind visitor to give him one hour more.—My errand is finished was the reply—I go, to return no more—look inward and answer thyself the question—wouldest thou even be content with the wealth of India, and the glory of Alexander, and the homage of the world, and a title to heaven?

The messenger had just pronounced these words, and was in the act of vanishing, when Islam awoke—for he had been dreaming.

What will the World say?

WILL not Miss Such-a-one laugh, and Mrs. Such-a-one sneer, and Mr. Somebody turn up his nose, if I do this or that, or if I don't do this or that? Fool! what matters it to thee as to what the world may 'say'? Hast thou settled the subject with thine own conscience and convenience? Is it right? Is it agreeable? Then let the world talk—let its wits and witlings laugh—much good may it do them! What carest thou about the world, if thine own conscience condemn thee not? Art thou not a free man? Or art thou the slave of the fashions and the follies, the opinions and the prejudices, of those around thee?

I pity the world-weather man—the miserable menial of *mauvais honte*—the veering weathercock which never points except with the popular breeze. His is a servitude more intolerable than that of the galley-slave. He toils in a tread-mill of his own creation, and bugs the chain which galls him.

Such a man, however great his intellectual endowments, and however ardent and pure the intentions of his heart—is he, can he be, a great man? I answer, No. He lacks the chief requisite for the conception and execution of lofty designs and extended plans—the fixed and decided purpose of a determined mind. Like the painter who forsook the happy inspiration of his own genius, and exposed his productions to the censures and alterations of the spectators, he not only abandons, at every suggestion, his own projects of greatness, but also fails to obtain even the temporary applause for which he seeks.

What will the world say? Did Luther ask that question? Had he done so, the earth might still have been groaning under the weight of Papal dominion. Had Columbus been deterred by the scoffs of the sceptical and the name of a visionary, a new world had never opened upon his ocean pathway. Had Howard or Watt regarded the ridicule of those who call themselves 'the world' the deeds of the one had not stood upon the first page of the record of benevolence, and the other had never disclosed a new empire in the career of human enterprise. The man whose only rule of action and standard of conduct is the opinion of the world, can never be (I repeat) a great man—much less a good man. He is governed by a mere concomitant of the consequences of his action, rather than by their nature or legitimate results. And when this fluctuating standard fails him—when the restraint of public sentiment is removed, or the hope of secrecy and concealment comes in to aid the whispers of temptation—he scruples not to plunge himself into the lowest depths of debauchery and crime.

'Blush not now—it is too late,' said a distinguished Italian to his young relative, whom he met issuing from a haunt of vice;

you should have blushed when you went in.—That heart alone is safe which shrinks from the slightest contact or conception of evil, and waits not to inquire, what will the world say?—*New-Yorker.*

Learning how to say 'No.'

AN excellent and wise mother gave the following advice with her dying breath: 'My son, learn how to say No.' Not that she did mean to counsel her son to be a churl in speech, or to be stiff-hearted in things indifferent and trivial; and much less did she counsel him to put his negative upon the calls of charity and the impulses of humanity; but her meaning was that, along with gentleness of manners and benevolence of disposition, he should possess an inflexible firmness of purpose, a quality beyond all price, whether it regards the sons or the daughters of our fallen race.

Persons so infirm in purpose, so wanting in resolution, as to be incapable, in almost any case, of saying No, are among the most hapless of human beings; and notwithstanding their sweetness of temper, their courteousness of demeanor, and whatever else of amiable and estimable qualities they possess; though they see the right, they pursue the wrong; not so much out of inclination, as from a frame of mind disposed to every solicitation.

An historian of a former and distant age, says of a Frenchman, who ranked as the first prince of the blood, that he had a bright and knowing mind, a graceful sprightliness, good intentions, complete disinterestedness, and incredible easiness of manners, but that, with all these qualities, he acted a most contemptible part for the want of resolution; that he came into all the factions of his time, because he wanted power to resist those who drew him in for their own interest; but that he never came out of any but with shame, because he wanted resolution to support himself while he was in them.

It is owing to the want of resolution, more than to the want of sound sense, that a great many persons have run into imprudences, injurious, and sometimes fatal to their worldly interests. Numerous instances might be named, but I shall content myself with naming only one, and that is, rash and hazardous surfeiture. The pit stands uncovered, and yet men of good sense, as well as amiable disposition, plunge themselves into it, with their eyes wide open. Notwithstanding the solemn warnings in the proverbs of the wise man, and notwithstanding the examples of the fate of so many that have gone before them, they make the hazardous leap; and why? Not from inclination, or with a willing mind; but because being solicited, urged, and entreated, they know not how to say No. If they had learnt, not only how to pronounce that monosyllable,

but to make use of it on all proper occasions, it might have saved from ruin, both them, and their wives, and their children.

But the worst of it is still behind. The ruin of character, of morals, and of the very heart and soul of man, originates oft in a passive yieldingness of temper and disposition, or in the want of resolution to say No. Thousands, and many thousands, through this weakness, have been the victims of craft and deceit. Thousands, and many thousands, once of fair promise but now sunk in depravity and wretchedness, owe their ruin to the act of consenting against their better judgments, to the enticements of evil companions and familiars. Had they said No, when duty, when honor, when conscience, when every thing sacred demanded it of them, happy might they now have been, the solace of their kindred, and ornaments of society.

Sweetness of temper, charitableness of heart, gentleness of demeanor, together with a strong disposition to act obligingly, and even to be yielding in things indifferent, or of trifling moment, are amiable and estimable traits of the human character; but there must be withal, and as the ground-work of the whole, such a firmness of resolution as will guarantee against yieldings, either *imprudently* or *immorally*, to solicitations and enticements; else one has very little chance, in passing down the current of life, of escaping the eddies and quicksands that lie in his way.

I will add here only one remark, which is, that stiff tempers in children are of better omen than generally they are thought to be.

Such tempers, properly managed and rightly directed, are the most likely to form characters of fixed and immovable resolution; characters the least liable to be bent by circumstances, by threats, or by persuasions from the line of prudence and of duty.

Fashion.

A LETTER from an American lady in England says, that during her stay of some months, she had not seen a lady with ear-rings! and this is in the center of fashion—London!

The progress of civilization is slow but sure; ear-rings have at last followed nose-rings to the receptacle of things lost upon earth. Patches and 'paint an inch thick' long since disappeared, and plucking the eyebrows is now little practiced among the ladies, except by those of the South Sea Islands. Little by little, and step by step, it is discovered that nature can make a tolerable good looking head and face, without having the aid of art to furnish up her handy work. This, however, has not yet been established completely as regards the body, but that the time will come, say in a century or two, when that problem will be solved in the af-

firmative, is not to be doubted; and curved spines, dyspepsia, liver complaints, and consumptions will be no longer incurred in the attempt to teach dame nature the proper method of shaping the human frame. We are the first in the race of civilization, though our education is not finished, as they say at the boarding-schools; and by looking at those behind us, we may see the gradations through which we have past. The Indians at the north-west flatten the heads of their children to give them a genteel appearance. The people of Japan blacken their teeth; and ear-rings, and nose-rings, and toe-rings, as well as armlets and anklets are fashionable among those styled savages in all countries. Of these we are much in advance, as is proved by the gradual abandonment of ear-rings, which will be thorough, now that the fashionables in England have given them up. In a few years it will be thought as ungenteel to be seen with such pendants, as it would for a lady to walk up Chestnut street in the finery of an Esquimaux bride—dipped in train oil, and clothed in the entrails of a whale; such being the method adopted by the fair of that tribe to render themselves peculiarly attractive to their lovers—*Vade Mecum.*

From Sedgwick's Public and Private Economy.

Fashionable and Expensive Poor.

THERE is another large portion of the people whose poverty is worthy of particular attention in a country where few are exempt from labor.

This is not a particular class, as mechanics, or professional men, but it embraces some of every class, of the highest to the lowest.

By this class is meant the *fashionable and expensive poor*, or those who are made poor mainly by following the fashions, not the good and useful fashions, but the absurd and wasteful ones. By *fashionable* people generally, is meant that portion of the rich, and those who associate with the rich, that adopt expensive and fashionable modes of living at their tables, in their furniture, dress, equipage, &c. &c.

By *fashionable* and expensive poor here, is intended all those, whether merchants, farmers, mechanics, day-laborers, &c. that live in the imitation of expensive fashions, without any proper regard to their wages or fortunes. This class, in the United States, embraces a larger proportion of the people than in any other country whatever. In other words, travelers and strangers agree, that the people of the United States are in many particulars, the most wasteful of all civilized people on earth.

Many of those fashionable and expensive poor, instead of having lived upon their incomes, and making the two ends of the year meet, have spent so much more than their incomes, that they have been compelled to see

their substance waste from day to day, as a consumptive man sees the flesh depart from his bones. Of these fashionable, expensive poor, a large number even of those that belong to the higher classes, are among the poorest people of the United States. If there were weights and scales to weigh human misery by the ounce and pound, it would be found, that these unhappy people suffer more in mind from embarrassments, duns, mortification, offended pride, conscious meanness and wickedness, at the thought that they are spending the property of their friends, and of honest, hard-working mechanics and others, than many very poor people do in body, for the want of sufficient clothing, fuel, and food.

Striving to be something which their poverty will not allow, they are in a perpetual conflict in the worst war in the world—a war with themselves. They do not live by any rule of their own, according to what God has given them, and what it is, therefore only allowable for them to spend, but they live after a rule set by the fashions of rich people, and thus they see with other people's eyes, whose eyes are their ruin. Instead of having their clothes made in the most economical way at their own houses, by their wives, daughters, and servants, they run to the fashionable milliners and tailors, at the same time that they are suffering for good garments. Their whole wardrobe often, setting aside the finery, would hardly pay for an auction; they would be ashamed to show it, to have it exposed to the day light; to have their under garments seen.

Their domestic condition is equally mean. Some of them in the cities, live in expensive houses, and promise to pay large rents, perhaps five hundred dollars a year, and often much more. This rent is often paid by their rich relatives, and often not at all. Their parlors and drawing rooms are full of what they call splendor, that is finery; if they have valuable pictures, it is ten to one that these are put in the shade to show their fine curtains to better advantage.

If you go out of this region of splendor and magnificence, the real barrenness of the territory, in good and useful things, appears. In the kitchen, and other apartments, there is not a decent sufficiency of proper cooking utensils, tubs, kettles, dishes, carpets and other conveniences for health, comfort and cleanliness.—Nothing is so mean, as the real poverty of these people, but their pride.

The Devil's Wig.

Some years ago, as the Rev. Mr. Pringle of Perth, was taking a walk one summer's afternoon upon the Lich, two young beaux took it into their heads to break a jest upon the old parson. Walking briskly up to him and making their bow politely, they asked him if he would tell them the color of the devil's wig.

The worthy clergyman surveying them for a few seconds made the following reply—' Truly here is a most surprising case two men have served a master all the days of their life, and can't tell the color of his wig.—*Edinburgh Paper.*

INFIDEL WIT REPELLED.—A gay young spark of a deistical turn, traveling in a stage coach, forced his sentiments upon the company by attempting to ridicule the scriptures, and among other topics made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into the giant's forehead. On this, with an apparent air of triumph, he appealed to the company, and in particular to a grave gentleman of the denomination, called Quakers, who sat silent in a corner of the carriage.—'Indeed, friend,' replied the Quaker, 'I do not think it all improbable, if the Philistine's head was head was as soft as thine.'

PRIDE.—It has been well said, that the thing most likely to make the angels wonder, is to see a *proud man*. But pride of birth is the most ridiculous of all vanities—it is like boasting of the root of the tree, instead of the fruit it bears.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

M. A. M. Concord, O. \$1.00; P. M. Brookville, N. Y. \$3.00; J. P. H. Quaker Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Madison, O. \$2.00; E. S. Salisbury Center, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Stephentown, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Fort Hamilton, N. Y. \$2.00; G. S. Gerry, N. Y. \$0.81; P. M. Athens, Vt. \$1.00; C. T. Farmington, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Shelby, N. Y. \$5.00; J. D. S. North Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Durham, Mich. \$2.00; F. H. Hobart, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cherokee Corner, Ga. \$0.50; C. E. T. Chester, N. Y. \$1.00; H. C. B. Penfield, N. Y. \$1.00; H. O. G. Portsmouth, O. \$5.00; N. S. Moffett's Stores, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. Richmond, Ms. \$5.00; P. M. Enfield, N. H. \$2.00; C. B. Norwich, Vt. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

ACCIDENT.—A boy of about seven years of age, the son of widow Mead, of this city, fell into a cistern on Thursday the 4th instant, and was drowned.

WHALE SHIPS.—The Beaver, Gardner, of this city, with 1900 barrels of sperm oil, arrived at New-York, on the 3d instant.—The Helvetia, Cottle, is daily expected. By last accounts from her, she had on board over 2000 barrels.—The Edward, Coffin, of this city, has also arrived with 210 barrels of oil.—The Poughkeepsie whale ship, New England, Terry, arrived on the 4th instant, with 2000 barrels right whale and \$800 do. sperm oil.

The receipts of the Astor House (the new Hotel in the city of New-York) are said to be over \$1,400 a day.

CANAJOHARIE AND CATSKILL RAIL ROAD.—The whole of the road is now under contract, and five hundred laborers are immediately wanted, by the contractors.

THE ZODIAC.—The first number of the second year of this popular journal has made its appearance.

TEXAS.—Some boys are said to have volunteered for Texas, having taken for their motto on their caps, under the picture of a person in a large tree, 'Santa Anna treed and Texas freed.'

It is stated in the Richmond Enquirer that after all the legacies of Mr. Madison shall have been paid, there will be a surplus estimated at \$100,000 for his widow.

DIED,

At Claverack, on the 1st inst. Rev. William Whittaker, aged 53 years.

At New-York, on the 26th ult. of consumption, Hannah B. wife of Mr. Joseph S. Waring, in the 23d year of her age; and on the 27th ult. Hannah, infant daughter of Joseph S. and Hannah B. Waring, aged 3 months and 18 days.

At South Kingston, R. I. on the 29th June last, Mrs. Hannah Potter, aged about 66 years, sister of Mr. Jacob Hagadorn of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

True Happiness.

* BESET with ills on every side
Life's rugged paths we tread ;
And scarce in this unfeeling world
Find shelter for our head.

Yet there are joys and pleasures too
Which, sought, we're sure to find ;
And there are peaceful, happy hours
For every virtuous mind.

God gave us reason to enjoy
What he in wisdom sends ;
He 'twines the ivy round the oak,
An emblem of his ends.

Though all in the same mould were cast,
And all bear his impress ;
How much we differ in one point,
Our search for happiness.

Some seek their happiness in wealth ;
Some knowledge most esteem ;
Some thirst for power and some for fame,
Mere coinage of a dream.

Fleeting and short are all the joys
That spring from earthly things ;
From mines of gold, from learning's store,
Or diadems of kings.

But, there's a treasure rich and pure,
And all may it obtain,
Who yield their hearts unto the Lord
And seek it in his name.

Religion dries our falling tears
And bids all sorrows cease ;
'Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace.'

Her flowing streams will ne'er run dry
While there's a soul to save ;
Let all who seek *true happiness*
In her clear waters lave.

May every blessing from on high
On you and yours descend ;
And in your heart forever wear
That sure and constant friend.

From the Knickerbocker.

The Humming-Bird.

INSECT bird of the glowing plume,
Fairy king of the world of bloom,
That drinkest honey and rich perfume
From thy vassals in bed and bower,—
Say did the rim of the rainbow fling
Those regal hues on thy glowing wing,
That gleam as thou hangest quivering
O'er the cup of yon dew-brimmed flower?

Rays from all gems of the rock and mine
Seem confused in that crest of thine,
As, a moment perched on yon trellised vine,
Thou stayst thy rapid flight :
Safe support as the proudest tree
Would to the foot of the eagle be,
Doth yon slender tendril yield to thee,
Nor bends with its burden light.

Thou art gone !—thy form I do not see,
But I hear thy soothing minstrelsy,
Sweeter than ever the toiling bee
Out-poured from her 'mellow horn.'

Perchance thou piercest the jasmine's cell,
Or drawest, as from a golden well,
From the amber depths of the lily's bell.
Bright tears of the dewy morn.

While kissing the blossoms of gold and blue,
Dost thou not pilfer each glorious hue,
And deeply thy tiny plumes imbue
With the colors from nature won ?

But no,—for Flora when gayest drest,
Hath not a tint in her varied vest,
Like those which flash from thy jeweled breast.
In the blaze of the summer sun.

Lo ! thy scented feast is forever spread ;
When Northern flowrets are pale and dead,
Thou to a sunnier clime art fled,
Where their beauty forges to fade.

When roses sleep on the bending stem,
And the diamond dews all their leaves begem,
Thou veilest thy head, and dost dream of them
Till riseth Night's curtain of shade.

Thou hast power from each blossoming thing
Drops of the richest balm to wring,
And thy life, if brief, is a joyous spring,—
A bright lapse 'neath a shadeless sky.

Not so with man—when he thinks to dip
In the rose of Pleasure his glowing lip,
A viper stings as he stoops to sip,
And he turns away to sigh !

The Spirit of Beauty.

WHERE does the Spirit of Beauty dwell ?
Oh ! said one, if you seek to know,
You must gaze around, above below,
For earth and heaven and ocean tell
Where the Spirit of Beauty loves to dwell,
But see, she comes with the early spring
And winnows the air with her fragrant wing,
Clothing each meadow and hill and tree
In the bloom of her rich embroidery.

Ask her now ere she pass away
Where on earth she delights to stay,
And the Spirit will pause while earth and sky
Ring with the tones of her glad reply—

' Seek for me in the blue hare-bell,
In the pearly depths of the ocean shell,
In the vesper flush of the dying day,
In the first faint glow of the morning ray ;
I sleep on the breast of the crimson rose
And hide in the stately lily's snows ;
I am found where the crystal dew-drops shine,
No gem so bright in a diamond mine ;
I bloom in the flower that decks the grave,
And ride on the crest of the dark green wave ;
I'm up and away o'er earth and o'er sea,
Till there is not a spot from my pressure free.

' I am seen in the stars, in the leaf enshrined,
And heard in the sigh of the whispering wind ;
On the rippling breast of the winding stream,
In the mellow glow of the moon's mild beam ;
I fan the air with the bird's light wing,
And lurk in the grass of the fairy ring ;
My tents in the rainbow arch are set,
And I breathe in the fragrant violet ;
Look where you may, you will find me there,
For the Spirit of Beauty is every where.

' Now listen to me—for sooth to say,
There is one dear spot where I fain would stay.
I love all things in earth, sea, sky—
But my own best home is a maiden's eye !

Oh ! I could linger for ever there,
Nor sigh for another, a sphere more fair ;
Lurking for aye in her cheek's warm smile,
Round her rosy lips with their playful wile ;
Roving at will through each golden curl,
That waves o'er a brow like Indian pearl,
And sinking at night to a blissful rest
'Mid the spotless snows of her fragrant breast.
Seek for me there, for I love full well
With the young and the bright-eyed maid to dwell.

' And look for me in the poet's mind,
Where I lie like a radiant gem enshrined ;
Touching each thought like the roses glow
That falls on the marble fount below ;
Filling the soul with an inward light,
A love for all that is pure and bright,
Till the mind where the rays of my spirit burn
Glow like the lines on a crystal urn ;
And a thousand beauties till then unseen
Flash into light on the Fancy's screen,
While thoughts that the many pass heedless by,
Are stored in the heart's deep treasury.

' Know ye now where I love to dwell ?
The mind is happy that feels my spell ;
Blest in its bright imaginings,
It soars aloft upon fancy's wings
O'er earth, in heaven, in sea, or sky,
In the poet's song, in the maiden's eye ;
To the mind that seeks I am ever nigh !
Look where it may, it will find me there,
For the Spirit of Beauty is every where ?

Melody.

BY W. LEGGETT.

If you bright stars which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite,
Whom death has torn asunder here ;
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar !
Mix soul and soul to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star !

But oh ! how dark, how drear and lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to find the loved of this !

If there no more the ties shall twine,
That death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah ! then those stars in mockery shine,
More hateful, as they shine forever !

It cannot be, each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye, or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now.

There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain
'Tis heaven that whispers—' dry your tears,
The pure in heart shall meet again.'

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